

Rear View Mirror



“Don’t look back; you are not going that way!”

We all know that looking back or hanging on to the past is not considered forward thinking. But when you start to write your own stories, your own memories you are suddenly ‘looking through the rear view mirror’. As I live my life moving unrelentingly forward I am looking in my rearview mirror. My memories are getting dimmer and the need to write my memories are getting stronger.

Just trying to capture that moment in time, that image of the person or that space and place you once inhabited is paying homage to that individual, to that time and to the importance they played in your life. Writing stories is just that - capturing moments - like catching fireflies before they fly into the night...

Throughout our lives we encounter strangers in different settings. Many of these individuals leave an impact on us. One of the things that fascinate me is that no matter what the setting, none of us are really strangers - we all share a universal connection for the short time we are together. Even though we do not know one another nor speak the same language - we share that bond of time and place. We share the air we breathe, we share the space, we share the same sun, same moon, and same planet and according to the Buddhists we are all related in that moment.

I guess this is why so many of the strangers I have met did not seem strange!

Some of my stories reflect this. Sometimes they reflect the opposite. Ironic to grow up with someone who becomes a stranger and then to become connected with someone you just met sitting on a train in another country!

At times it can be sad to look through that window into your past. It is also very refreshing and invigorating. It brings back memories that were completely forgotten. You put pen to paper and write down another memory, setting off a chain reaction in the brain stimulating a specific group of neurons that controls your thoughts to recreate an event you thought lost to time. Whatever it is, I think it is a good thing, most likely therapeutic. Like gardening, something starts to unfold and grow, taking on a life of its own. You just keep tending the garden, weeding out the mistakes, adding soil, planting the seeds of a distant memory, water it and love it. The recollections start to sprout up and words become sentences and sentences grow into stories capturing that moment in time that you found yourself striving for.

